

OFFICIAL DIVAN

A. H. 1317-18

A. D. 1900



Illustrious Potentate—Shayk

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY

1337 Spruce St.

Chief Rabban—Emeer

ALEXANDER J. H. MACKIE

4938 Penn St.

Assistant Rabban—Sahib

JAMES MCGARVEY

1837 Christian St.

High Priest and Prophet—Imam

Oriental Guide—Ayn

WALTER SCOTT

1713 N. 16th St.

Treasurer—Chaysin

FREDERICK LEIBRANDT

123 N. 2d St.

Recorder—Katib

WILLIAM ROSS

305 Walnut St.



TRUSTEES

THE POTENTATE (ex-officio) Chairman

THE CHIEF RABBAN (ex-officio) Secretary

PHILIP C. SHAFFER

3216 N. 15th St.

JOSEPH BIRD

Windsor Hotel

LOUIS WEBER

1772 Frankford Ave.



REPRESENTATIVES TO IMPERIAL COUNCIL

EDWARD B. JORDAN

873 Union St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

FREDERICK LEIBRANDT

123 N. 2d St., Phila.

PHILIP C. SHAFFER

3216 N. 15th St., Phila.

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY


1337 Spruce St., Phila.

*Lu Lu Temple * A. A. O. N. M. S. * Philadelphia, Pa.*

STATED SESSION

June 6, 1900

*Second Month, Eighth Day, A. H. 1318 * Wednesday Evening*
Opened for Business and Ceremony at Seven P. M.



SAFAR

In memory of "The Thousand and One Nights"
"Mother of the Poor"

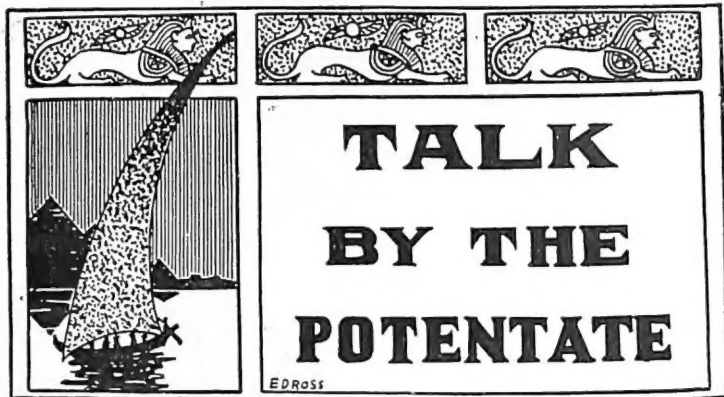
Feast of the return of pilgrims from Mecca

Cannonades! Sky Rockets! Illuminated Air Ships!
Music of the Stars! The Seven Salaams! The wolf
speaks! The gardens of Aslam exhale fragrance!

Remember thou to bring forth upon platters of gold the
traditional welcome. Bread and salt. Let the hospital-
ity of him whose coffers burst with the burdens of a
rich harvest bring his soul near to Allah by feeding the
hungry, clothing the naked and binding up the wounds
of the afflicted. "Come, let us reason together."

TRADITIONAL BANQUET

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY, Illustrious Potentate, 1337 Spruce Street * * * * *
* * * * * WILLIAM ROSS, Recorder, 305 Walnut Street, Second Floor



Imperial Council

The next meeting of the Imperial Council will be held in Kansas City, Mo., and the date will probably be the 11th of June, 1901.

The Washington session was a delightful one. President McKinley shook hands with over 7,000 Nobles and ladies, and about 1,000 more could not get in for want of time.

Noble Harry Collins, Potentate of Rameses Temple, of Toronto, Canada, was elected Imperial Oriental Guide. Our own Past Potentate, Philip C. Shaffer, was advanced to the position of Deputy Imperial Potentate.

The Imperial Council adopted an amendment to the Constitution and Laws, authorizing each Temple to pass a standing resolution requiring its members to show a certificate of good standing for the current year, before being admitted to the sessions of the Temple.

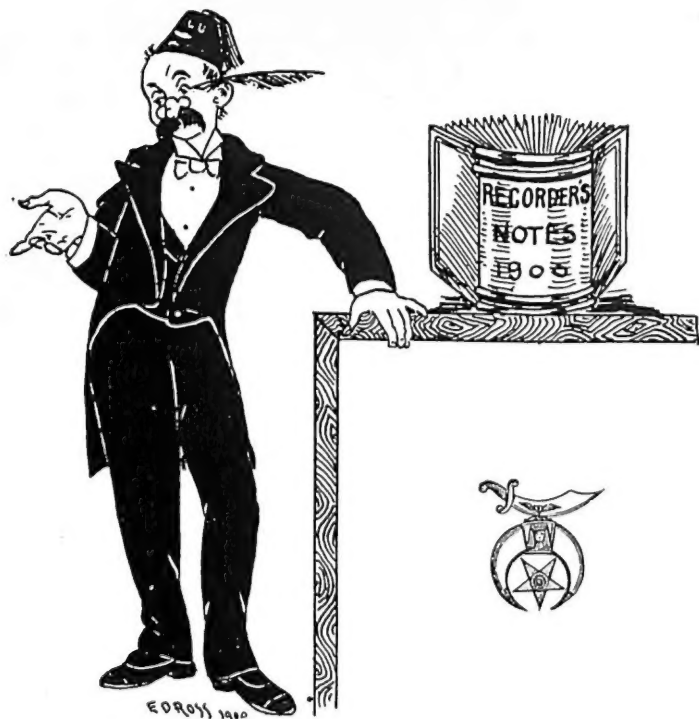
The Nobles of Almas Temple deserve the very highest possible credit for their extraordinary success in carrying out their plans for the hospitable reception of the visiting Nobles.

Read what Noble Recorder Ross has to say. He had charge of the headquarters in No. 59 for the Nobles, while Mrs. Hemperley undertook to make the ladies happy in No. 72. May the blessings of Allah rest upon you all.

Yours in the faith,

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY,
Illustrious Potentate.





TAKE it all through, the past month has been a very busy one for the average Shriner. The Imperial Council requested his presence at Washington, and he was obliged to get out his best dress suit, keep his shoes bright, way up to date, his nasal appendage clean, and be ready to swap fifty-cent badges for bargain-counter tinware, sit still and look wise. The whole racket is ended now. He had a great time. Twenty-two bands playing the same tune within a radius of one square disturbed not his serenity of mind, but actually added materially to his enjoyment. Vesuvius, with its present violent eruptions, which oceans of Noble Schenck's blood purifiers could not eradicate, was an Erebus in mourning compared to Pennsylvania avenue on the evening of the parade. Almas touched the button which opened Sheol at about 8 P.M., and the bewildered multitudes followed the band wagon and

red-light cart way up to midnight, when Boumi's Baltimore owls screeched out their highest tones, and kept the Quaker contingent awake until daybreak. The Crescent and the Scimeter, incongruous accompaniments of the Cross and the Crown, played tag together around the nation's capital, while humpy camels with pug noses kept step with the tan-skinned Arabs, with loose trousers and red fezzes, from every State in the Union. Everybody said that it was a great show. "For particulars, see the newspapers; that is what they are for." Lu Lu was there every minute, from the start to the finish. Our formidable looking Patrol won praises and much admiration from all classes of people at every step. Lu Lu's Potentate, with his mellow, soft boiled voice and towering figure, was a new and green representative, but one of the inest of the group. He added considerable dignity and picturesqueness to the whole affair by his broad-gauged intelligence and diamond-studded methods of setting 'em up and keeping things going at a lively gait. Fred. Leibrandt, dear old boy, sat mostly in a corner at the Riggs House, thinking of the "dear, dead past," and dreaming of the days when he ran "wid de mershene." Occasionally he opened up, when the band played, and showed his good nature. Ned Jordan looked quite nice for an invalid, and kept himself busy looking for a job to help Lu Lu in the big swim. Phil Shaffer, always on hand, bossed the hall boys at the Riggs, and ordered sherry cobblers and high balls, with an occasional mint julep for distinguished callers, besides telling pretty stories at odd times and reminding the working element how near he was to the consummation of his glorious ambition, and what mighty things would be accomplished in 1901, when the pennant will fly from the flag staff on Spring Garden street.

It was one of the best things that ever happened. Almas kept open shop all the time and gave away everything. Nothing was too good for their visitors. Their mounted patrol in the morning escort service was simply grand. They made a very imposing and brilliant appearance. The continuous work of the committee and its devotion to the interests of all culminated in unqualified success and unanimous approbation.

Our Daughters of Isis looked sweet and charming, and honored us as hey have often done before. The demand for Lu Lu badges exceeded far the supply—by the thousands, as it appeared from my standpoint. The boys came to room 59 in droves after them, after they were all gone. They climbed into the windows, dropped down the chimneys, waylaid me in the corridors and seized me in the dining room. Protestations that Sam Gayton was the one and only Committee on Badges availed nothing. I finally sought refuge on the top of the Washington monument, but each car load of

thirty-five struggling Shriners that came up in the elevator came with outstretched hands and demanded badges. I was only prevented from jumping off into space by the forethought of the architect, who had taken precautions to avoid such an exhibition, thereby saving me for a better and, perhaps, a more honorable finish.

Here is a scheme. If you still want some of our Lu Lu badges, write to me to that effect, and *enclose with your order fifty cents for each badge*. If a sufficient number is ordered, another lot will be obtained, and you will thereby have your wishes gratified. They are certainly worth keeping for souvenirs; whether you were there or not. In the event of an intermediate accumulation of indignant, cold-hearted indifference, generated by the thought that you were made the victim of intentional and well-studied neglect, and your proud nature revolts at the suggestion named, order them all the same, and everything will be forgiven. If the combined orders fail to be sufficiently extensive to induce the manufacturer to cough up, your money will be returned—if I don't forget it; but remember, please, no orders will be filled unless the cash accompanies them.

We turned out 188 Nobles in the nocturnal parade. Three seven-foot specimens of brawny Afghans, clothed in native costume, carried our banner. We marched four or seven miles through a dark tunnel, emerging finally into a blinding torrent of sulphurous flames, on Pennsylvania avenue, where we showed our Apollo Belvidere forms to lines of struggling but patient Senators, their constituents and ladies, ten deep. Nobles Thomas, Dingman, Atwood, Winsor, Shaffer, *et al.*, together with the overworked, thirsty, tired and still ambitious committeemen, reviewed the parade from the grandstand opposite the White House. The air thereabouts was frequently rent in several places by sounds of reverberating rejoicings. Then came the fireworks. In justice to Almas, it becomes a pleasant duty to assert, without fear of contradiction that the display was one of the finest features of the entire programme. Nothing in Philadelphia ever surpassed it for beauty and absolute effectiveness.

The official badges issued by the General Committee played an important part in the "open sesame" business, but it will ever remain a mystery as to what our own Nobles did with the 300 that were kindly turned over, free of cost, to the Lu Lu contingent, as nearly every one of the truthful representatives of Lu Lu, who comprised the general rank and file, took an oath a yard wide that he had none, and wanted just *one* to enable him to get through all the gates and to carry triumphantly home. The oaths can still be heard in the corridors at Willard's. The Washingtonians were under the impression that they comprised the Ananias graduating glass. These special badges

admitted the wearers to the Capitol, Library, Smithsonian Institution. Monument, Government buildings, street cars, art gallery, Fourteenth street, Mahogany auditorium, footpaths, Potomac river, saloons, hotel corridors—in fact, anywhere but on the grandstand.

The reception by the President and his cabinet-makers was well attended; so much so those that all who had pasteboards could not be accommodated within the time prescribed. Those who were deprived of the chance of shaking hands with His Excellency assumed resentful attitudes outside, and shook their fists at the committee. As a general rule, experience teaches me that that is about all committees receive. The emoluments of office are not invariably commensurate with the volume of duties performed.

The day after the parade, every participant therein appeared to wear wooden legs. Some of our Lu Lu fraters who took the trip to Mount Vernon returned considerably disappointed, if not actually angry. They reported that George was not "receiving" on that day. They had been told that they had a dead thing sure, and in some respects, it was evident that they had not been misinformed. The ancient colored sentinel who has stood guard at that same sarcophagus for about eighty-eight years, gave the company a few valuable tips, a number of which is not included in Lossing's history of the United States. Those that were given to him in return, left on his chocolate and mummified face a broad and patronizing smile that it will take time to efface.

The duly elected representatives to the Imperial Council made their headquarters and hung up their ulsters and other rigging at the Riggs House, but those upon whom your Recorder officially called were never "at home." I called eight distinct and separate times for the king bee of the Imperial inkwell, Noble Ben Rowell, but his constant and monotonous reply to my inquiries carried with them such a saffron-colored hue of doubt and uncertainty that I decided to bribe his private secretary by telling him that I called to pay Ben the dollar he borrowed of me at Buffalo, but the effort was a failure. Appreciating the brittleness of the material that comprises the houses in which we Records dwell, I restrain a strong desire to cast stones, and will merely await his thoughtful and well considered explanation, which time and the quiet retreat of a Boston five-story front will doubtless open to him.

We are all under obligations to Noble Frank H. Hosford, editor of *The Fraternal Record*, who generously donated to us a large number of copies of this valuable periodical. It is full of fraternal society news, and devotes considerable space to Shrine matters.

If the comical genius who perpetrated the ghastly joke of "removing" my yellow-tasseled fez will return it to me, I will agree to express as strongly as

the rules of propriety and the depressing condition of circumstances will allow, my unqualified appreciation of the funny side of the incident, and suppress all interrogations. The fez referred to bears a special value, and I regret to have it leave me in that manner. It never had any particular historical connection with our noble order, although it was given to me by an Arabian Knight. This is no joke, either.

Now, gentlemen and fellow nobles, I have the pleasure of presenting to you between the acts a well-known, but honorable member of our Temple, the absent-minded Shriner.

THE ABSENT-MINDED SHRINER

(With apologies to Kipling)

When you've shouted for our Lu Lu, when her praises you have sung,
When you've finished telling others of her worth,
Will you kindly search your pockets for that little bill for dues,
And then pay it for "the biggest thing on earth?"
You're an absent-minded Shriner, and you seldom stop to think,
But you musn't let your camel get too thin;
You are still an active member, but we'll drop you quick as wink,
If you fail to show the color of your tin.

Arab sons, Islam sons, sons of a hundred guns;
Painting the town with a lurid red;
Doing the mazes and never to bed;
Turning the night into blazing day;
Better make no mistake, but for duty's sake
Just pay, pay, pay.

It's for pleasures monumental and for banquets that you've had;
It's for useful paraphernalia, coal and lights;
There are bonds and obligations, but there's nothing that is bad,
And it wouldn't do for you to miss the sights.
You're an absent-minded Shriner, but as good as gold at heart,
And wouldn't do a thing that wasn't right;
But before the Executioner begins to make a start,
Better pay the bill and get it out of sight.

Prophet's sons, Arabic sons, sons of the heated sands;
Think of the fun you'd surely lose
If backward you get in your yearly dues,
And hand out your shekels without delay;
For we're passing no hat for this or that,
So pay, pay, pay.

WILLIAM ROSS. Recorder.



When the Shriner returned from Washington,
He felt as if through a mill he'd been run,
For his head was swollen, his purse was slack,
He'd naught but his ticket to bring him back,
And he said, like the parrot, oft told in rhyme,
"I certainly had one h——l of a time."

From all accounts it was a most delightful pilgrimage, and Bill Ross is going to tell you all about it.

And, owing to the fact that Bill is full of information and other good things, we will boil "Fruits from the Palms" down to a few paragraphs.

If you were not at our last Minstrel and Dramatic Entertainment, you missed the finest show ever given in Lu Lu Temple.

Requests to repeat it in all of the Temples of the United States and Canada are reluctantly declined.

If the gentleman who sat on my hat will stop at 1627 Chestnut street, and pay for the blocking, he will hear of something to his advantage.

←COMMITTEES→



Entertainments

MARTIN V. B. DAVIS, 1627 Chestnut Street
JAMES A. WILLARD, 1236 Columbia Avenue
WM. ROSS, 305 Walnut Street
THOMAS J. DEWEES, 40 N. 19th Street
HARRY FERKLER, 1336 Cherry Street
EMILE V. RIVARD, 1323 S. Farson Street

Music

WALTER SCOTT, 1713 N. 16th Street D. M. RATTAY, 131 S. 12th Street
GEORGE FORD, 116 S. 10th Street WM. S. ALLEN, 2257 N. 16th Street
RICHARD C. BALLINGER, 218 N. 13th Street

Charity

THE POTENTATE
ASSISTANT RABBAN
ORIENTAL GUIDE

CHIEF RABBAN
HIGH PRIEST
RECORDER

Excursions

JAMES MCGARVEY, 1837 Christian Street
SAMUEL R. GAYTON, 925 Chestnut Street
WM. ROSS, 305 Walnut Street
LOUIS WEBER, 1772 Frankford Avenue
LEWIS D. BELAIR, 4th and Columbia Avenue
WALTER SCOTT, 1713 N. 16th Street

Stewards

LOUIS GROSS, 851 Uber Street JESSE PITT, 2240 N. 15th Street
WM. HENDERSON, 508 S. 42d Street J. HARRY COX, 2112 N. 11th Street
THOS. HENDERSON, 1906 Sansom Street HARRY GREEN, 1511 S. 5th Street
WM. S. ALLEN, 2257 N. 16th Street

Organist

POWELL G. FITHIAN, 405 Linden Street, Camden

Leader of Lu Lu Temple Band

Dr. A. H. THOMAS, 3829 Spring Garden Street

Lu Lu Quartette

EDGAR A. MURPHY
HOWARD M. MURPHY

J. FRANKLIN MOSS
GEORGE FORD

Janitor

SAMUEL MELVIN

DIRECTORS—*Malah*

+ +

PHILIP C. SHAFFER	WM. H. HOSKINS
ARTHUR H. WOODWARD	JOSEPH CROCKETT
AUGUSTUS BEITNEY	WM. H. R. LUKENS
M. RICHARDS MUCKLE	CHARLES N. ROSSELL
GEORGE W. KENDRICK, Jr.	JOSEPH L. R. WHETSTONE
FRANK P. MASON	CHAS. C. JUDD
THOMAS R. PATTON	WM. McCOACH
EZRA S. BARTLETT	PETER V. GUERRY

THOS. W. JENKINS

A. G. C. SMITH, Media, Pa.

DAVID H. LUKENS, Trenton, N. J.

JAMES McCAIN, Trenton, N. J.

ALEXANDER C. YARD, Trenton, N. J.

L. B. MORROW, Wilmington, Del.

EDWARD NOTHNAGLE, Chester, Pa.

EDWARD MILLS, Camden, N. J.

THADDEUS S. ADLE, Norristown, Pa.

SAMUEL S. YOHE, Easton, Pa.

FRANKLIN P. STOY, Atlantic City, N. J.

J. WARNER HUTCHINS, Philadelphia.